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In Denialism

JONAS ORAMEL PECK

Sept. 4, 1836

May 17, 1894



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In Memoriam.

JONAS ORAMEL PECK.

THE funeral services were held in the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 19, 1894, at 2 P. M.

Bishop E. G. Andrews read the Scripture sentences as the remains were borne down the aisle, and presided at the service.

The hymn commencing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was sung.

The thirty-ninth Psalm was read by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, of Philadelphia.

The selection from 1 Cor. 15 was read by the Rev. Sandford Hunt, D.D.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. A. B. Leonard, D.D.

The Memorial Minute adopted by the Board of

Managers of the Missionary Society was read by the Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D.D., Recording Secretary, as follows:

The Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, convened in special session in the Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, May 19, 1894, receives with profound sorrow the sad tidings of the death, in that city, on the 17th instant, of Rev. J. Oramel Peck, D.D., Corresponding Secretary.

We desire to put upon record our appreciation of the great services rendered by our deceased brother to this Society, to the Church, and to the nation.

During the twenty-eight years of his pastoral service, filling as he did some of the most important pulpits in the country, he was known as one of the most earnest, eloquent, and successful preachers of the Gospel in the Church. His great eminence in the pulpit, however, was not accompanied by any lack of pastoral duty; on the contrary, he was preeminently a painstaking and efficient pastor.

During the civil war, while resident in Massachusetts, he was an eloquent and effective champion of the cause of the Union, and was called upon by Governor Andrew for frequent service in arousing the people to patriotic duty.

In 1888 he was chosen Corresponding Secretary

of the Missionary Society, and has rendered six years of the most faithful and unwearied service in discharging the duties of that position. By eloquent and stirring addresses at the Conferences, at district conventions, at camp meetings, and in other assemblies, he greatly intensified the interest in the cause, and by his appeals largely increased the missionary contributions. At the same time, he has been assiduous in the work of the office, attending carefully to every detail of business, and performing with conscientious fidelity the duties entrusted to him.

In his departure we mourn the loss of a genial and faithful friend, a conscientious officer, and a minister of highest usefulness.

We extend our sincere condolence to the bereaved wife and sons of our deceased brother, praying that God's grace may be abundantly administered to them in this time of severe affliction.

We order this tribute to his memory to be entered upon our records and published in the Church papers, and a copy of the same to be sent to his family.

The Rev. George P. Mains, D.D., then made a brief address on behalf of the Long Island Preachers' Association.

The action taken by the Trustees of the Hanson

Place Methodist Episcopal Church was read by Charles L. Bonnell, M.D., as follows:

Whereas, Our heavenly Father has in his infinite wisdom and love summoned our dear brother and former pastor, the Rev. J. Oramel Peck, D.D., from labor to reward, we, the Trustees of the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, desire to place on our records a minute of our high appreciation of the noble gifts and Christlike spirit of Dr. Peck, and our sense of loss at the sudden and unexpected separation from him. The three years of Dr. Peck's pastorate at the Hanson Place Church were years of great temporal and spiritual prosperity to the church. Large congregations listened to his preaching of the word, and hundreds were happily converted to God under his faithful ministry and by means of his untiring and devoted pastoral labors.

Resolved, That a copy of these minutes be sent to the wife and sons of our deceased brother, and that the secretary of our Board be requested to read them at the funeral service.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn, of India, then spoke as follows:

I have been asked to say a few words in relation to our departed brother's connection with the foreign work, especially in India. My personal association with my dear brother was limited to

his term of service as Missionary Secretary. In the latter part of 1888, after my return from this country to India, our correspondence began, and continued without interruption up to the date of his last illness. It affords me sad pleasure to-day to remember that throughout all this correspondence no serious difference of opinion ever occurred. I had ample opportunity for learning to appreciate the character of our departed brother, both as a Christian and official of the Church. Many things crowd upon my mind as I attempt to speak of his character and services, but time will only permit me to mention three elements which entered into the success which he achieved.

In the first place, he believed thoroughly in the missionary enterprise; he believed in it in the good old inspiring and heroic sense in which William Carey and Thomas Coke and Adoniram Judson believed in it. He believed that Jesus Christ has commissioned his disciples to bear witness for him to all nations, and that the time had fully come for giving effect to this commission. He entered heart and soul into the spirit of this great enterprise. It was this extraordinary confidence in the work which was committed to him which gave him such remarkable power in his public addresses at many of the Annual Conferences, and enabled him to kindle extraordinary enthusiasm among the preachers and people. On two different occasions, after an inspiring address

from his lips, gifts to the amount of one thousand dollars were spontaneously offered in aid of our work in India. His missionary meetings reminded the older part of his audience of some similar gatherings of the last generation, when the great missionary enterprise was, in a measure, new to our people.

Dr. Peck not only believed in the duty of obeying Christ, but in the power which our blessed Saviour has pledged his people to enable them to accomplish the gigantic task committed into their hands. He was the farthest possible removed from the pessimist; he believed with all his heart in the present power of the Saviour of men, and that as great and even greater displays of divine power could be witnessed in this age as in the days of the apostles. He believed that we are living on the threshold of great events, and his voice was always like that of one who shouted to the battle. The Church of the present day needs just such an evangel as our departed brother always proclaimed. There are too many, both in England and America, who are holding tenaciously enough to the letter of our Saviour's commission, and yet cherishing a kind of chronic doubt with regard to the power of the Gospel which is to be preached. The missionary enterprise can never be promoted by preaching a gospel of failure. Jesus Christ still lives among men; and his promise to his disciples was that he

would be with them forever. He is with his missionary disciples to-day, and those who represent the cause in Christian lands need to be fully alive to the blessed fact that the Saviour of men is the living leader in the world-wide campaign which has been inaugurated against sin and error.

Another element of success in our brother's career was the conscientious interest which he took in the work committed to him. He did nothing in a perfunctory way. From the very first he took a personal interest not only in the missionary in the field, but in scores and hundreds of native preachers and other helpers. Many of these obscure men were known to him by name. In like manner, many donors to the work were known to him in all parts of the United States, and in conversation with me he would at times speak of some one in an obscure village in New York, and of the man whom he supported in an obscure village in some province in India, and of the converts he had gathered around him. In other words, Dr. Peck had tried hard and tried successfully to understand the details of his work; and it was a source of confidence to those whom he aided so greatly in our wide India field to know that he felt a personal interest in the progress of the work.

The last conversation which I had with Dr. Peck and our bereaved sister, for whom and with

whom we mourn to-day, took place but a few weeks ago. I spoke of the disappointment of our missionary brethren in India at the necessity which compelled him to forego his promised visit to us. I have reason to think that he felt this disappointment himself more keenly than even his personal friends suspected. He gave up the visit from a clear sense of duty. I began to urge him to come to us for a visit near the close of the present year, telling him that this opportunity would be more favorable in every respect, but he shook his head and seemed to realize that he was never to visit India, and that his hope of doing so must be permanently abandoned. I still cheered him up and told him how our brethren would make immense preparations for his reception, how they would gather great assemblies of the native Christians together, and how these converts from heathenism would honor him and rejoice to see him. "They will give you a royal welcome," I said, "such a welcome as was never given you in this world before." He again shook his head, I thought a little sadly, and said he feared it was not to be. A few weeks have passed, and now we can better understand why his mind had been so strongly impressed with the conviction that he was never to visit India. We shall never see him in that sunny land, but yonder on the golden strand he waits to welcome us. When one by one the weary workers lay their

burdens down and go up to join the triumphant victors in the better land, our brother, robed and crowned for all eternal years, will give them such a welcome to the shining shore as our poor earth is never permitted to witness. Nor will he welcome our missionaries alone. India will claim him in a peculiar sense, because she will regard him as her own, and I am sure he will recognize the relationship. Those whom he never knew on earth will share the welcome which he waits to give to us all. Even now, perhaps, he has welcomed some from our distant Eastern world. God is sending fifty converts to our altars every day, and the time has probably now come when every day will witness the departure of one or more of our people to the rest above. Our brother stands among them and rejoices with them to-day.

Of him we may truly say that he rests from his labors and his works do follow him. He has left his impress both upon the Church of America and upon the rising Church of India, and when the great spiritual empire which God has called us to rear to his praise and glory in that far-off Eastern world shall have taken its place among the permanent Christian agencies of the world, it will be seen that Dr. J. O. Peck was one of those who helped to lay the firm foundation upon which the structure shall rise.

The Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., followed with an appropriate address, which he could not reproduce for this volume. He kindly supplies the following tribute, from the editorial article of *The Christian Advocate* of May 24, 1894:

This learned I from the shadow of a tree
That, to and fro, did sway upon the wall;
Our shadow selves,
Our influence, may fall
Where *we* can never be.

After contending for ten years against the inroads of an insidious malady, hardly recognized because of protracted periods of apparent recovery, Dr. Jonas Oramel Peck, on Thursday morning, May 18, relinquished the struggle, leaving the shattered tenement, while the invisible spirit took flight to the God who gave it.

To the multitudes who have seen the massive frame, heard the clarion tone, felt the burning ardor, and knew nothing of the specter which ever and anon whispered in his ear, "Time is short," the announcement of his death will inflict a pang and a shock. To his personal friends it is as when a noble tree, under whose shade they had sat and upon which others had leaned for support, falls in the tempest of a night. A fortnight ago we saw him at his desk. To-day he is a memory to the living; a contemporary of the dead.

His earth life began at Groton, Vt., Sept. 4.

1836. From earliest childhood every development promised a perfect physical manhood, to which consummation the athletic exercises of the farm and the indomitable perseverance necessary to manly self-support contributed, until he stood as a Saul among his fellows. Conversion to God harmonized his faculties; the heterogeneous concourse of dreams, ambitions, impulses, and purposes became in one day a disciplined army, subject to one Commander, for whom he determined to make the most of himself.

He worked his way through Amherst College; was graduated at the age of twenty-six. Having been unmistakably summoned into the ministry by the same Spirit which bore witness to his conversion, he had been acting pastor of two churches successively while yet an undergraduate. Becoming a member of the New England Conference, he was stationed at Mount Bellingham Church, in Chelsea.

Thence he was removed to Lowell, from there to Grace Church, Worcester, and afterwards to Trinity Church, Springfield, Mass. In all these positions he remained as long as the limitations would allow. His fame had gone out through New England as an orator in the pulpit and upon the lecture platform. During the civil war his services were in demand, and his appeals were valued so highly by Governor Andrew as to lead to his being summoned at short notice on critical occasions.

In view of his divine call, a still more honorable record was made by the ever-increasing power he displayed in winning souls. Of that wisdom he was a master. In 1873 he was transferred to Chicago, and became pastor of the Centenary Church, where the blessing of God reinforced his labors with results of unusual magnitude. His next pastorate was Mount Vernon Place Church, Baltimore. From that city he came to Brooklyn, where he remained six years, divided between St. John's and Hanson Place. At the close of the latter pastorate he went to New Haven, and spent three years in charge of Trinity Church. His final pastoral service was in the Simpson Church, Brooklyn, where, owing to severe family affliction and the failure of his health, he remained but one year.

By the General Conference of 1888 he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, since which the whole Church, by his visits to the Conferences and his appeals in behalf of the work intrusted to him, in hundreds of pulpits, have had the opportunity to make his acquaintance.

Dr. Peck was a man of power, having the characteristics of mental vigor, enthusiasm, humor, pathos, and oratorical action. For many years he read his discourses. This method was adopted to guard against extravagance in delivery, and also to enable him to make a proper selection of

words, his natural fluency being too great, when under excitement, to admit of discrimination. He read with naturalness and effectiveness. In 1879 he preached one of the ordination sermons at the session of the New York East Conference—a discourse of unusual power, which elicited on the spot from Bishop Gilbert Haven a unique tribute. Since his assumption of the office of Corresponding Secretary he had, for the most part, thrown away his notes and acquired remarkable powers as a free speaker, the diminution of rate which comes to men in later middle life proving an advantage to him. In the office he exhibited a remarkable capacity for details and an ability for continuous work at the desk. Of the important Committee of Lands and Legacies he was secretary in charge, and in its work his judgment, tact, and perseverance drew increasing respect.

In reviewing his life we deem him entitled to the credit of having done for Methodism, on a larger scale than any other man, the inestimable work of demonstrating that great revivals, with all and *only* genuine Methodist accessories and methods, may be produced in any part of the country, and in the most elegant churches and the most fastidious societies, under the superintendence of the pastor in the regular discharge of his duty. No year in his ministry passed without them. His main reliance was upon the most courageous of all methods, *personal appeals in*

private. There he argued, pleaded, conquered, and the outward demonstrations upon which so many rely exclusively were but the gathering in of sheaves.

In Hanson Place, during the three years of his pastorate, nine hundred and twenty-five members were united to the church by certificate and profession. But instead of depending for success only upon accession by conversion, he attended to every detail relating to the finances, pastoral work, circulation of periodicals—in a word, everything naturally coming under the care of a minister. He owed this immense success to strict obedience to the injunction of Solomon: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." His imperfections were only such as are liable to accompany a dominating will and an exuberant emotional nature.

The Rev. George E. Reed, D.D., President of Dickinson College, said:

I have come a journey of five hundred miles to look for the last time upon the face of the man I loved. He who lies here was my father in the Gospel; the man whose formative hand was upon my life in the years of my young manhood, the man to whom I owed a debt of gratitude greater than to any other with whom it has been my fortune to be associated.

Requested, since my arrival in this familiar

church, to participate in the solemn service of the hour, willingly I gave consent, glad of the opportunity of bringing to the occasion the simple tribute of a loving and loyal heart. And yet, now that the hour is come, how hard it is to say the words which I have so much desired to utter.

Upon me rest the thronging memories of the day when, a boy of eighteen, I first met the handsome, stalwart, eloquent man, destined to influence so powerfully a life already running to waste, and which but for him would have run on in channels far different from those into which—thanks to him, and the God whose servant he was!—it was fortunately turned.

How vivid the remembrance of the three long hours of the eventful interview to which he invited me, intent on winning—through the arguments for the faith with which he was so familiar, the persuasive eloquence of which he was so consummate a master, the “fervent, effectual prayer” in which he was so often triumphant—the heart of a young man for the Master he loved. How eager he was! How eloquent of speech, how fervent in entreaty, how mighty in his exhortation! Save for the subdued tone in which he spoke he was as he would have been if addressing an audience of a thousand men.

What wonder that he triumphed; that, ere the interview closed, the citadel of that young heart had been won and a man “brought from dark-

ness to light, from the power of Satan unto God."

Since that hour I have loved him as a loyal son loves a father. Now that he is gone, I, in common with thousands more, feel that the world is lonelier because of his taking off. With Elisha of old I cry, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"

Asked to speak of "the fruits of his ministry," it has seemed to be entirely appropriate that one of the fruits of that ministry should bear his personal testimony to the earnestness and power with which he labored to advance the cause of the great Master to whom, on the hills of Vermont, he consecrated the powers of his great and divinely enkindled soul. Of the larger fruitage of that abundant ministry how impossible, in the few minutes assigned me, in adequate terms to speak. To fully tell that story, to sum up the fruits of a ministry more wonderful in its achievements in soul-winning than that of any man of Methodism in America during the last fifty years, would require octavo volumes. All over this Union his eloquent voice has been heard. From everywhere, east, west, north, south; from Chicopee Falls, from Boston, from Lowell, Springfield, Chicago, from Brooklyn, New Haven, from a hundred camp grounds, resonant with the shouts of thousands of rejoicing converts, from all quarters, come the throngs witnessing to the remarkable

work accomplished under God by this divinely gifted man. Looking out over the vast throng gathered in this hour to do honor to his memory, how many do I behold, who, if asked to rise and utter the name of the man who more than any other was responsible for their conversion to Christ, would utter, with suffused eye and faltering voice, the name of the mighty man of God lying here to-day in the "white, cold grandeur of death," within the very walls, within the very altar, at whose rail a large part of his greatest and highest work was done.

All things considered, in my judgment, no man in American Methodism in half a century has had a record as an evangelist, as a saver of human lives, as a pastor, equal to that of Dr. Peck. Of the thoroughness with which he did his work no man could speak with greater confidence, or with larger appreciation, than he who now addresses you.

Twice has it been my fortune to be his successor in large and important fields, once here, in this grand, historic Hanson Place; once in Trinity, New Haven. In this one, the Hanson Place Church, during his ministry of three years there were added to the rolls of the church the names of nine hundred and twenty-five men, women, and children, the majority of whom were converted at these altars; in the other, Trinity, hundreds more. Of the hundreds thus received into the member-

ship of the church through the herculean efforts of this indomitable worker, an immense proportion were found by his successor to be yet abiding in the faith, attesting, in speech and in life, the thoroughness of the work of grace wrought in their hearts, while of the hundreds left as probationers, nearly all were gathered in amid the rejoicings of the revived and strengthened churches.

The ambition of Dr. Peck was, primarily, the conversion of men ; second, their upbuilding in righteous living, in Christian character, in genuine godliness. Never was he satisfied until assured, through indubitable proof, that the multitude seeking the new life in Christ were thoroughly convinced that he whom they sought had, in blessed reality, become to them both the wisdom of God and the power of God unto their salvation.

The start rightly made, who so zealous as he for the moral and spiritual upbuilding of those, his children, for whose regeneration he had so ceaselessly toiled and prayed ? I say these things the more earnestly because, at times, I have heard criticisms, as cruel as unworthy, upon the spirit and the methods of the great toiler now passed to his glorious reward. If anywhere losses occurred in the ministries following those of our beloved brother, rest assured that the blame belonged not to him. What he left behind was solid, substantial, enduring ; not the " hay, wood, and stubble " so often found in connection with

great and sweeping revivals of religion like unto those associated with the ministry of Dr. Peck. The fruits of a ministry like his, however, can never be formulated in statistics. There is a larger fruitage that defies calculation, the fruitage ever attendant upon the lives of men too large and opulent in their make-up to be hemmed in or limited by the narrow barriers of creed or sect.

Dr. Peck was a Methodist, an able minister of the great body bearing that name, but above all, he was a man and a brother; the friend of everyone coming within the charmed circle of his influence. Men of the world, no less than men of the Church, knew him and loved him; loved him all the more because everywhere among them he appeared the simple, unpretentious, kind-hearted, Christian gentleman, needing not the habit or garb of the cleric to assure them of his position as an ambassador of Jesus Christ.

Here before us sit members of the illustrious regiment—the Fourteenth, of Brooklyn—“the fighting Fourteenth”—to which he was so proud to belong, and in which he rendered such faithful service. Here sits his old colonel—the veteran of many a hard-fought field—a soldier whom Brooklyn delights to honor. Here, also, the present colonel, commanding: here the officers of the staff and line, comrades of many a year, men who knew him well, who have seen him amid surroundings unusual to men of our brother's vocation and

work, each and everyone of whom, could they speak, would gladly bear testimony, gracious and fitting, to the gentleness, purity, piety, and unsullied manhood of the chaplain of their choice.

So was it everywhere. Surely of him, if of any man, might it in truth be said: "His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

Great-hearted friend and brother, how hard it is to give thee up! How sad to think of thee as fallen on the field! How hard to realize that we shall see thy face no more; that nevermore in the places where prayer is wont to be made, nevermore in the crowded assembly, nevermore in the sacred desk, nevermore in the Conference gathering shall we hear the thunders of thy sturdy eloquence, catch the gleam of thy kindly eye, or feel the pressure of thy strong right hand.

But so it is. His task is done. The soldier rests; his warfare o'er. In an hour we shall bear him to Greenwood, there to lay him in his resting place. And as we lay him there, who of us will not feel that a grander soul, a warmer, truer heart is not left among living men. And so we bid thee farewell, great, true-hearted lover of mankind!

The Rev. C. C. McCabe, D.D., Corresponding Secretary made the next address. He said:

Only ten days ago Dr. Peck sat in our office attending to his work. He called me to him and said: "Chaplain, I fear I will not be able to go with you to Detroit for the 20th of May. Better provide some one to fill my appointments." I was startled at the look upon his face while he was speaking. It had not occurred to me, as yet, that he was a stricken man. We were all to be at Detroit to-morrow. We had been assigned to various churches, and we were to have a great mass meeting Monday night in Central Church. Instead of being in Detroit he will be spending his first Sabbath in the city not built by hands. Instead of listening to my poor voice leading the multitude in song, he will be listening to the song of the redeemed upon Mount Zion.

I stood beside his bier day before yesterday, and when I turned down the covering to see his face, I was amazed at the vision of it. Such a triumphant smile is frozen there. It is the smile of gladness and surprise with which I have often seen him greet friends who came suddenly into his presence. I thought of Mrs. Curtiss, of our North China Mission, who, a few weeks ago, when dying at Peking, after a paroxysm of great suffering, began suddenly to clap her hands softly and say, "Why, Dr. Pilcher, I am so glad to see you!" Dr. Pilcher, the John Fletcher of our North China Mission, had died about a month before.

But it does not seem to us that heaven needs him so much as does the Church on earth. "God can bury his workmen and yet carry on his work." So he can; but our grief is none the less when a standard-bearer fainteth in the midst of the battle. We loved and trusted him so. We had for him a sense of comradeship, a shoulder-touch feeling which can only come from mutual testing.

It is not easy to really get acquainted with men; to clearly discern their faults and excellences. To be associated together, as we three men have been for the past six years, in one great work, is to make real acquaintanceship possible. I can say of Dr. Peck, "I know him." When the General Conference of 1888 elected him Missionary Secretary, the choice was most agreeable to me. I felt that a mighty reenforcement had come into the Missionary office. He took hold of the work at once with all the energy of his nature. When he was elected, J. M. Phillips suggested that, in the division of the work, to Dr. Peck should be assigned the department of "lands and legacies." This was a wise suggestion. In ten years \$1,034,805 has come to us from bequests and the sales of land. The collection of the money involves a careful correspondence and a thorough knowledge of the laws of many States. Dr. Peck brought to this work a carefully trained legal mind. He formed his

opinions at the bar of his judgment after a skillful cross-questioning of heart and reason. Seldom did the Board, in which are many legal minds of the first order, have cause to change any of his decisions. It was such a comfort to me to know that by my side was a man who would neglect nothing, who would guard, in every case, the interests of the Missionary Society.

But India was his chief joy. That mission was under his care. His desk was near to mine. Often in opening his foreign mail he would break the work-a-day silence which reigns in our office by crying out: "Hear, Chaplain; just hear this!" and then he would read of the wonderful work of God in India. No one could see his face at such a time and not feel that the man's soul was in his work, and that his heart beat sacred music with the onward march of Zion.

Italy was also in his field. The building of the Book Concern in Rome was an enterprise that kindled all the enthusiasm of his soul.

He loved little Bulgaria, which never yet has been brought to public notice by a great pentecost, such as India and China are having to-day; but his faith in final success was unabated to the last.

As an administrator Dr. Peck was eminently successful. He was careful, conscientious, painstaking. He saw through our united efforts a

quarter of a million dollars added to the annual income of the Society, and he was longing for the time to come when brightening financial skies would warrant us in lifting the cry: "A million and a half for missions!"

It is well known throughout the Church that Dr. Peck was writing a book on revivals. Among the last acts of his life he corrected and revised the manuscript. He wrote it at a white heat, as if half conscious that this was his last message. From the closing chapter I quote as follows:

Do you desire to be a soul-winner? Will you pay the price? Entire consecration to the work; complete trust in God through Christ; a full dependence upon the Holy Spirit for power—these are the terms. Will you meet them? Then begin at once. Fresh from your closet start upon your great mission. If it is a sermon, aim at the conscience and will of the unsaved or to arouse a sleeping church with a bugle-blast from heaven. If it is a pastoral call, make it a purpose to win or comfort a soul. Go on undaunted and undoubting in the blessed work. Tell God all your discouragements, and he will dispel them.

You are learning the art of soul-winning. You are a tyro. God can make you an expert. Give him a fair chance by perseverance. Pray, plan, push, persist. You can win. God wants you to succeed. With a consuming passion for souls you will break through inexperience, mistakes

and hindrances, and march on in gracious triumph. Cultivate this burning love for the lost until it domes all thought, sways all purposes and affections, and your ministry will attain the highest success. In the faithful pursuit of winning souls you will learn better counsel than man is able to give you. The secret of the Lord will be discovered.

These are solemn words. They come to our ministry as the last message of our departed comrade. Through the book it may be that, like Samson, he will slay more in his death than in his life. While we mourn our loss, let us rejoice that he was with us so long. He at least is satisfied.

Dr. Peck was a great lover of our hymns. Bonar, of Scotland, has written one that might well be sung as his requiem to-day. It is upon the text, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness:"

When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall see thy glory face to face,
When in thine arms thou wilt thy child embrace,
When thou shalt open all thy stores of grace,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall meet with those that I have loved,
Clasp in my eager arms the long-removed,
And find how faithful thou to me hast proved,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall gaze upon the face of him
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim;
And praise him in that everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied.

The closing address was by the Rev. William V. Kelley, D.D.:

My function at the end of this long service is a simple one and requires not many minutes. I am asked to report to you as an eyewitness something concerning the last months of our brother's life, his illness, and the closing scenes.

I come from the shadows of the sick room and the tears of the death chamber, where it was my mournful privilege to be that I might hold his head, or lift his feet, or minister in any possible way. Six months ago Providence sent me to dwell under the same roof with him, where out of business hours we were in almost daily intercourse and converse. Two days before the fatal illness prostrated Dr. Peck, when a friend asked him, "Who is your pastor?" he thought a moment, then looked at me, and in reply mentioned my name. That very day, as we now know, he had written a letter to his son which contained these words of ominous premonition concerning himself: "If this should be the beginning of my final breaking down—."

Thus it was that by providential assignment, and, it would seem, by his own election, I was a

witness, a brother within call, ready to minister to whatever wishes or needs it might be in my power to serve.

Looking back from the present point of time through the fall and winter, two things will be recalled, I think, as noticeable by those who were nearest to him. First, a manifest desire for rest; not a confession, but unintentional indications that he felt his work to be burdensome and was a little weary. This unuttered feeling I now believe was what made the failure of the plan for a trip to India such a keen disappointment to him, when, at the annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee at Minneapolis last November, it became evident to himself as well as to others that the needs of the Missionary office and the exigencies of the treasury forbade the trip. It may have been a sharper pang to him than his best friend knew to give up the prospect of relief from routine, and the benefit which comes from sea voyaging and travel to one who is worn with office work. The same reason, I believe, explains the three weeks' trip which he made to Bermuda in midwinter, and the trip across the ocean which he was planning for the approaching midsummer.

Whether we have rightly interpreted the meaning of this looking and planning for change and rest or not, it is certain that he did not announce his weariness; he was not a man to groan or

shrink. If he was conscious of any failure of strength, he kept it to himself, and went on unfalteringly with his daily work.

The second thing marked by us who have lived with him for the past half year and seen his morning face and his evening unbending when the harness of the day was off, was an increasing gentleness and kindliness. All the elements of his nature seemed softening and ripening. Always he was affectionate and indulgent in his family, a fond father to his boys, and to his wife a lover; nor could he ever have been more tender and devoted than in the last year of his life. His whole manifestation has been gracious, generous, genial. His fellow-guests in the house have noticed his cordial and unconventional friendliness. On every hand he turned strangers into acquaintances and acquaintances into friends. In the dining room it was his custom to pass familiarly from table to table with cheery greetings and a sometimes boyish playfulness which made sunshine in the place. To any sally of wit or provocation to merriment he was instantly responsive. The servants loved him. The old Irish woman who sweeps the halls mourns his departure with tears, and says in her hearty way, "But he was a lovely man!" The impression he has left on all who were near him in these last months is every way a sweet and blessed one. Looking back on the sunshine of it from the

shadows of this sorrowful hour, my feeling is that if our brother had known the past winter to be the last of his life, and had studied all his actions and words with the desire and intent to leave himself at his best in the memory of his fellow-human beings, he could not have arranged for any nobler effect.

It is noteworthy and not inappropriate that his last intense labor was bestowed upon his book on revival work, which is the fit crown and essential epitome of his ministry. The volume is a natural outgrowth of his life, and it seems almost inevitable that such a man should have made just such a book. Desiring to complete it for the press before his summer trip, he was for weeks toiling on it, after his day's work, until eleven or twelve o'clock at night. No doubt this exertion contributed to precipitate the final catastrophe. Yet the Church is glad he finished it, and we doubt if he regrets it up in heaven this afternoon. He may almost be said to have died with the pen in his hand with which he had written the last sentence of a book that describes the character and monuments the results of his life ministry. In this sacredly suitable fact there is a fitness as perfect and at least as beautiful as when Tennyson lay dying with the yellow moonlight on his bed and the writings of the great master of English poetry beside him, his finger between the leaves of the dirge in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline;" a

fitness similar to that which we all felt when our long-suffering and patient Bishop Wiley fell asleep in the mission at Foo-Chow, where his great life work began, among the Chinamen who were his soul's first love.

If that volume containing the record of the motives, methods, and magnitude of our brother's ministry were now in print, we would like to place a copy of it in the dead hand of this powerful preacher, this great pastor, this conquering evangelist, and so lay his body to its rest.

Dr. Peck's last illness was so acutely distressing that its brevity was merciful. He carried all his work and engagements up to within one week of his death. Last Sunday night he was to have delivered in Simpson Church the annual sermon to the Fourteenth Regiment, of which he had been chaplain for twelve years, but he was prostrated the Wednesday night preceding. During his week of suffering the sick man said but little. Generally there is not much conversation during a battle, and in this case the strong vitality of a rugged frame and a powerful will, unaccustomed to be beaten, were fighting hard for life. He was determined not to die, and kept saying to his wife, "Don't worry, my dear; I'm going to pull through this attack." Apparently he was resolved not to think of himself as a dying man, and hence said nothing which acknowledged or assumed the end to be near. Moreover, his phys-

ical unrest and distress were so incessant and intense as to make conversation mostly impossible. Besides this the anodynes, which intolerable suffering rendered necessary, prevented him from talking. When the last prayer he ever heard was offered at his side, although he welcomed its beginning, he was dosing before it ended. These facts explain how it is that he sent no special messages, spoke no farewells, left no particularly significant utterances.

As to religious testimony, there was no need of any, for his ministry of nearly forty years was the expression of his soul and his long and ample message to the world.

It scarcely need be said that everything possible was done for him in his illness. Visited, watched over, and prayed for with filial affection by his two sons whom he loved so dearly; unceasingly waited on and tenderly soothed through all the painful days and all the weary nights by his faithful and devoted wife, to whom he said, again and again, "Your care and nursing have prolonged my life for four years and enabled me to do that much more work;" attended and relieved by the best medical skill, he endured, as well as our frail human nature can, life's last great crucial ordeal.

At six o'clock on Thursday morning, May 17, when the sun of the new day was shining brightly into his room through the eastern windows, hav-

ing mightily served his own generation by the will of God, this stalwart worker softly fell on sleep ; this sufferer entered the regions of eternal peace ; this faithful and unflinching soldier passed on and up to headquarters to make final report to the Captain of his salvation by whose commission and under whose banner he had fought so long and fought so well, leading his victories behind him, to lay all his trophies at the Master's feet.

The hymn commencing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," was sung, and the benediction was pronounced by Bishop C. D. Foss.

The interment was made at Greenwood Cemetery, the Rev. Drs. Kelley, McCabe, Leonard, Baldwin, and Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks, Pastor of the Hanson Place Church, taking part in the services at the grave.

A TRIBUTE.

BY A. B. LEONARD, D.D., CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

This is the holy Sabbath, but to me it is a day of unspeakable sadness and sorrow. The sky is overcast with clouds, sudden showers descend, and gusts of wind sway violently the forests on the not distant hills. Clouds, showers, and winds harmonize with my feelings. My thoughts are solemn, my tears fall, my heart is bereaved. Yesterday, as the sun was swinging low in the western sky, a sorrowing company laid in his bed of clay in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, the mortal remains of my dear brother and colleague, the Rev. Jonas Oramel Peck, D.D.

For six years we had been almost daily companions, sharing each other's burdens and labors, and enjoying an unbroken friendship.

The thought that he has gone, and that I shall no more see his manly form, hear his kindly words, receive his cordial greetings, or enjoy his wise counsels, fills me with sorrow that words cannot express. Accustomed to his companionship and counsel, I did not know how large a place he filled until that place was made vacant by

his sudden taking off. Less than two weeks ago, when leaving the Missionary office to attend the East Maine Conference, I bade him good-bye, little dreaming that it would be the last earthly recognition. But when I saw him again, but four days later, the death pallor was on his face, and his eyes had lost their genial light. For several years that insidious monster, Bright's disease, had been slowly but surely undermining his naturally robust constitution. Possessed of great vitality, he resisted and baffled his enemy, concealing largely even from himself, as well as his most intimate friends, the conflict that was going on. On the evening of May 9 the enemy made a final assault and carried the citadel of the strong man as by storm. Not all his marvelous physical resources, aided by the best skill that science could afford, could suffice to even retard briefly the enemy's victorious march, and in eight days the conquest was complete.

On the morning of May 17, at six o'clock, as the sun of a new day poured its unclouded light into the death chamber, the redeemed spirit winged its way to the land where they need no light of the sun, "for the Lord God giveth them light."

Dr. Peck was born in Vermont in 1836. He was a scion of the celebrated Peck family that gave to the Methodist Episcopal Church such eminent ministers as Dr. George and Bishop

Jesse T. Peck, and he was in every way worthy of the family to which he belonged. I have heard him tell of his boyhood life among the green hills of Vermont, and his struggle to prepare for the preeminently useful life he lived. Leaving the farm upon which he was born, he took his place at the blacksmith forge, where by intense heat and heavy blows he shaped the malleable iron into useful forms—a prophecy of the greater work he was to perform, in which, aided by the heavenly fire of the Holy Ghost and the power of Gospel truth, he would fashion human souls into gems of beauty with which to deck the crown he has just won.

Coming into contact with the itinerant Methodist preacher, then despised by what was known in New England as the “standing order,” he was awakened and converted, and, contrary to the wishes of his family, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. His conversion, which was clear and powerful, quickened his desire for an advanced education, and after the necessary preparation he entered Amherst College, from which in due course he was honorably graduated. During his college life he became a local preacher and a supply by the appointment of the presiding elder, who saw in the student the latent elements of unusual ability and usefulness. Leaving college, he entered at once the ranks of the itinerancy, and early attracted the attention of the best

New England churches, and later the best and choicest churches of the land. His ministry was sought and obtained by churches in Chicago, Baltimore, and Brooklyn, where his labors were attended with distinguished success. He resolved to be not only a preacher, but a soul-saver; and to gain this distinction he was willing to pay the necessary price. In a volume now passing through the press, completed but a few days before his death, the manuscript of which I was permitted to read as it was struck off from his brain and heart, he says:

Permit the author to conclude this chapter with a brief item of personal testimony. Early in his ministry a struggle came. Should he seek popularity, or give up all to be a soul-winner? The conflict ended with the entire surrender to the work of soul-saving. At once an intense passion for souls possessed and swayed him. It has never changed. It has controlled and shaped his ministry. It has been more than meat and drink. Often and often during revivals, while visiting from house to house and pleading with persons to give their hearts to Christ, he would hold on for the surrender of the soul until he had no time remaining for food, and hasten from that triumph to the church to open the evening meeting.

This paragraph furnishes the key to his marvelous success as preacher, revivalist, and pastor.

In 1888 he was chosen a Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist

Episcopal Church. He brought to this important position a well-trained mind and a consecration only equaled by that displayed through many years in the pastoral office. While in the pastorate he had a passion for souls, which was intensified in his new field of activity. The desire to save souls displayed in his local parish flamed out even more intensely when as Missionary Secretary his parish was the whole world. His sermons and platform appeals in behalf of Missions have greatly stirred the Church wherever heard, while his important administrative duties have been performed in a most conscientious and effective manner. To his colleagues and to the whole Church his sudden death seems untimely. But is it so? The Master said, when on the earth, of the sparrows: "One of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But . . . ye are of more value than many sparrows." What seems untimely to human wisdom is often, no doubt, most timely to him who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind. If the falling of a sparrow is not without his care, then the death of this prince in our Israel was not by chance or mistake. Jesus said: "But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." The great Reaper saw that the harvest was ripe, and death's sickle was thrust in.

Dr. Peck left no deathbed testimony. He did not intend to die; he thought his life work was

not yet finished, and said to his wife, in the early part of the last great struggle, that he would "pull through" and live. This hope he indulged while the ability to communicate to his family and friends remained, when he passed into an unconscious state, from which he emerged into the consciousness and bliss of the "land that is fairer than day." As the struggle ceased the departing spirit threw a smile over the features it had so often illuminated, traces of which remained when he lay in his casket in front of the chancel in Hanson Place Church where he had so often ministered to the flock of Christ.

Colleague, brother, friend, all hail, and farewell !

Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide ;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

OFFICIAL TESTIMONIALS.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

NEW YORK, *May 17, 1894.*

MY DEAR MRS. PECK:

This morning at the executive meeting of our Society we were all saddened by the announcement of Dr. Peck's sudden death, and a resolution was passed (that, I assure you, was no mere matter of form) that the secretary *pro tem* write you expressing our deepest sympathy with you, our dear and honored fellow-laborer, and our sorrow at the heavy loss sustained by the Church, by the Missionary Society, and by our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Words are trite and feeble, and yet they are our only form of expression—let them tell all they can and they cannot then measure our sorrow in your sorrow, nor our hope in your comfort.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees !
Who hath not learned in hours of faith—
The truth to flesh and sense unknown—
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own !

Accept what we would fain couch in fitter language the heartfelt sympathies of your fellow-workers in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

JULIA LOU MCGREW, *Secretary pro tem.*

St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church.

530 Bedford Avenue, }
BROOKLYN, June 1, 1894. }

MY DEAR MRS. PECK :

At a special meeting of the official board of the St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, held on May 18, I was requested to send you the following resolutions:

Whereas, In the mysterious providence of God the Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D., a former pastor of this church, has been suddenly removed from earthly usefulness and labor to heavenly rest and honor, after occupying with singular fidelity and conspicuous zeal the most important positions in Methodism; and,

Whereas, Dr. Peck's ministry in St. John's Church was one of remarkable success, resulting in the conversion of hundreds of souls and large additions to our membership, so that he will ever be gratefully remembered by our people;

Resolved, That we request our pastor to convey to Mrs. Peck and family our profound sympathy with them in the loss of one who was so affectionate in his home, so devoted to his work, and whose qualities of mind and heart were of such high and beautiful character.

Kindly excuse me in not sending these resolutions before, but knowing how deep your sorrow

was, and how you were engaged during the past weeks, I thought it only proper to wait until now.

With sincere sympathy and earnest prayers for you and the family, I am,

Very faithfully yours,

JOHN WESLEY JOHNSTON.

Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church.

The official boards of Mount Vernon Place Church, Baltimore, in joint session assembled, desire to record their deep sorrow upon the announcement of the death of their former pastor, Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D. They remember his untiring industry, his thorough devotion, his loving solicitude in every detail of his service among them, and they recall with gratitude the success which pre-eminently attended his ministry.

It is hereby ordered that this action be entered upon the minutes, and that the secretary be further directed to express our sincere sympathy to the family of our deceased brother.

M. R. CREIGHTON, *Secretary*.

Grace Methodist Episcopal Church.

WORCESTER, MASS., *June 1, 1894.*

To the Family of the late REV. J. O. PECK, D.D., Greeting:

More than a quarter of a century has passed away since the Rev. J. O. Peck, then a young man just from his college studies, came to this city as

the pastor of the Main Street Methodist Episcopal Church, then in the infancy of its organization. How well he served his people and how the charge grew under his care and direction are all matters of history. After the usual period of a Methodist pastorate in those days, he went from us to other scenes of duty, but always having the same record of success and usefulness. Though sundered from us frequently by many miles of distance, he never went so far that there were not many hearts in this his early pastorate that continued to maintain a lively affection for him and his memory, and when at a recent missionary meeting the sad news was borne to our ears that our Missionary Secretary had gone out on the longest of journeys, our grief was unfeigned.

Retaining thus so deep a regard for him and his, it is fitting that as a church we express to his immediate family our love for the departed, our sympathy for those who sorrow over the husband and father, and our desire and expectation some day, in some realm of endless joy, to again clasp hands and there to resume the friendships ended so suddenly here. The Christian's home in glory which he has attained is the goal toward which we all journey, and it daily grows brighter with the many who are already there.

Our brother must have greeted scores of those who under his guidance started on the heavenly way, and that we who survive may so pursue our

course that its end may bring us to greet him and all the ransomed throng, is our constant prayer.

Signed for the official board of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church.

ALFRED S. ROE,
HENRY F. STEDMAN, } *Committee.*
JESSE P. TABOR,

Chicago Preachers' Meeting.

Whereas, We, in common with all Methodism, have been shocked by the recent tidings of the death of our brother, Dr. J. O. Peck ; therefore,

Resolved, That we enter upon our records the following expression of our estimate of the man and of our sorrow at his untimely departure :

We recognized in Dr. Peck a massive and rugged physical manhood, charged with intense vitality and dominated by an energetic will.

His endowments of mind and heart commanded our highest esteem and won our undying affection.

His Christian spirit, always alert for service and ready for sacrifice, awakened in us a holy emulation.

In him was realized, as in few men, the priestly function of the ministerial office—an ambassador from God to man and an intercessor before God for man.

He was great in the pulpit ; great in his grasp

of truth and in his power and skill to so wield it that men felt it as a living, conquering force to which it were wise to surrender at once without capitulation.

As in boyhood at his father's forge he had learned to swing the sledge hammer effectively and also to wield the lighter hammer in deftly turning out the finished work, so when he wrought upon living hearts he knew when and how to strike the mighty blows for heart breaking, and when and how to give the light and skillful strokes under which the heart already shaped for holiness takes on the finish of perfection.

He was great as a pastor. He had courage for hand-to-hand work with men. He always had time to press with loving insistence the claims of his Master upon an audience of one.

He was great as an evangelist. He had revivals on every charge and had one every year. Thousands were led to Christ by him. His converts stayed converted.

He was great as an organizer. He knew how to multiply his personal force a hundredfold.

He was master of details. The supreme work of preaching the Gospel did not divert his attention from the lesser duties of the ministerial office. He was "an all round man" in his work. Such a man must be "an all round man" in his constitution; a healthy, vigorous body as executive of a healthy, vigorous mind. Does the fact that

a man of Dr. Peck's herculean powers ceased from work and "fell on sleep" at the age of sixty bear significant relation to the other fact that he was a prodigious, restless worker? If so, his untimely death has a lesson for some of us no less important than that held forth by his life of ceaseless activity.

While it is not possible for the General Conference to elevate a man of Dr. Peck's ability and usefulness above the pastorate, that body did in 1888 turn the fiery eloquence and burning enthusiasm embodied in Dr. Peck loose upon our Methodism in the interests of missions. In this field he came under the eye of the whole Church which now laments his death.

In recording our tribute of affection for our departed brother, we would express unfeigned gratitude to our heavenly Father for the gift of such a minister to our Church. We will cherish his memory, endeavor to follow his example, and strive to attain to his fellowship with the saints in light, while we pray the Head of the Church to raise up and equip some man worthy to receive his descending mantle.

Unanimously adopted by the Chicago Methodist Preachers' Meeting, on Monday, May 28, 1894.

J. T. LADD, *Secretary.*

Baltimore Preachers' Meeting.

MRS. J. O. PECK, NEW YORK :

Dear Sister.—I am requested by the Preachers' Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of Baltimore to send to you a copy of their action relating to the death of your esteemed husband. It is as follows :

Whereas, The Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D., late one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and formerly an honored member of the Baltimore Annual Conference, has been summoned from his sphere of toil on earth to that rest which "remaineth to the people of God ;" and,

Whereas, Dr. Peck was recognized among us as a highly esteemed and most efficient preacher of "the Gospel of the blessed God ;" therefore,

Resolved, 1. By the Preachers' Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of Baltimore, that while we bow reverently to the will of our heavenly Father which has removed our brother from the midst of his earnest labors, so full of present practical results and of promise for the future of the kingdom of Christ on earth, we do nevertheless record our deep sense of bereavement, and mourn the loss of him as of one whose name for zeal and efficiency was in all the churches.

2. That this action be spread upon the minutes of this body, printed in the *Baltimore Methodist*, and a copy sent to Mrs. Peck.

Adopted June 4, 1894.

I remain your brother in Christ,

EDWIN T. MOWBRAY, *Secretary*.

Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Boston.

We have heard with pain and profound sorrow of the removal of the Rev. Dr. J. Oramel Peck from the field of his great and notable activities. The loss sustained by the Church we recognize as one of no ordinary character. Dr. Peck filled a very large space in the history of the Church, and he has been no inconsiderable factor in its recent development. As a pastor he was devoted, energetic, enterprising, and greatly beloved. As a preacher he was earnest, eloquent, full of resources, and attractive. As a winner of souls few in these latter days have been more successful, and doubtless thousands will testify in the last great day that through his instrumentality they were brought into the kingdom of God.

The value of Dr. Peck's services as Missionary Secretary cannot be estimated. His powerful appeals in behalf of the great cause, the interest he everywhere inspired, the wise and far-seeing measures proposed or supported by him in connection with his colleagues and the board of managers,

and the grand success which has followed their adoption at home and abroad, are a part of his record, "The works that have gone on before." "But he being dead yet speaketh," and his influence, which will still continue to operate in the Church, is incalculable.

We bow with submission, and yet with a deep sense of our loss and the loss of the whole Church. Our prayers and sympathies go out for the afflicted family and for the cause thus deprived of one of its most gifted champions. But we still believe that "while God removes the workman he carries on his work."

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| CHARLES F. RICE, LEWIS B. BATES, GEORGE M. STEELE, | } | <i>Committee.</i> |
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Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *May 21, 1894.*

MRS. J. O. PECK :

Dear Sister.—Inclosed please find a paper presented to the Philadelphia Preachers' Meeting this Monday morning.

GEORGE J. BURNS, *Secretary.*

The Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia and vicinity has learned with profound sorrow of the death of the Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D., one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal

Church. We record our keen sense of the great loss the Church has sustained in this departure of one of her inspiring leaders.

Dr. Peck's record as preacher and pastor is phenomenal. In the Missionary Secretaryship his power as a pleader has been continued.

The revivals which have blessed his ministry have been as numerous and glorious as any attending the toil of any soul-winner in the regular pastorate in modern Church history.

The tireless energy characteristic of his pastoral ministry has been lately used in the cause of missions. Our whole Church must grieve over the death in the very prime of his influence of one who as a preacher, pastor, and general official has been a conspicuous success.

This meeting places upon record this expression of his worth, and of the sense of loss which we as pastors, in common with the whole Church, feel at his departure.

We extend our sympathy to his bereaved family, and commend them in this hour of their deep sorrow to the God of all grace.

Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, O., *May 25, 1894.*

MRS. J. O. PECK, NEW YORK :

Dear Sister.—The Methodist ministers of this city in a meeting held Monday, the 21st, adopted

a minute in reference to the death of Dr. Peck, which I forward to you in their name :

The death of Dr. J. O. Peck, one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society, removes from the Church an efficient and enthusiastic officer, an eloquent advocate of missions, and a noble, successful, and consecrated Christian minister.

In the name of the Ministers' Meeting we record this tribute to his character and services, and invoke divine comfort to fall upon the bereaved family of our lamented brother.

C. E. MANCHESTER, *Secretary.*

Central Illinois Conference.

GALESBURG, ILL., *May 25, 1894.*

MRS. J. O. PECK, NEW YORK, N. Y. :

Dear Sister.—At a ministerial meeting of four districts—Galesburg, Macomb, Peoria, and Rock Island—of the Central Illinois Conference, held in this city, beginning May 21 and continuing until May 23, the following resolutions were passed concerning the death of your dear husband and our beloved Missionary Secretary.

The presiding elders of these four districts were appointed a committee to send a copy of these resolutions to you :

Resolved, 1. That we have heard with deep sor-

row of the death of Dr. J. O. Peck, one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

2. In his departure we feel that the Church has sustained a very great loss. We think of the great work our brother accomplished as pastor-evangelist, literally leading thousands to Christ, and his great work as Missionary Secretary, and with saddened hearts we are led to say that a "prince and a great man has fallen in Israel this day;" yet while we deeply regret the death of this great and good man, we are glad to believe that he has gone up to join the blood-washed majority before the throne, and we devoutly pray that his mantle may fall upon us, who are left behind him, in his upward flight.

I am very truly your brother in Christ,

M. A. HEAD.

Foo-Chow, China.

Whereas, We, the members of the Foo-Chow Mission, and native presiding elders, have heard of the sudden death of our honored and beloved Missionary Secretary, Dr. J. O. Peck;

Resolved, 1. That in this mysterious dispensation of Providence we realize that the loss to our Missionary Society and to the wonderful work that it is doing in nearly all lands is great beyond our power to compute.

2. That we recognize in him one of the most powerful and effective pleaders for the cause to which we have devoted our lives that our Church has ever possessed; his devotion to the personal salvation of souls, as evidenced in the many great revivals in his work as pastor, is ample proof that his zeal for the cause of missions was inspired by pure, unselfish love for Christ and for all men for whom he died.

3. That we extend to his bereaved family and the Missionary Board, to his hosts of friends in America and in all parts of the wide field our tenderest sympathy and earnest prayers.

4. That we will not cease to pray that the Society may be guided in the choice of one to succeed him in his great and difficult work.

J. H. WORLEY, *Secretary*.

North India Conference.

LUCKNOW, INDIA, *May 23, 1894.*

To the Missionary Secretaries, New York:

DEAR BRETHREN:

We in India feel very deeply afflicted in the death of Dr. Peck. India has lost a sincere friend. Dr. Peck's connection with India so long has endeared him to all our missionaries, and all of our native preachers had learned to honor and love

him as a faithful friend. His *homegoing* will take a great deal out of our missionary lives, as we had come to look to him for sympathy and aid at every demand of work or difficulty. Others were equally faithful, but Dr. Peck had charge of *us* and *our* work, and we have learned through varied experiences to look to him. Hence we can but feel his loss very deeply. I do not think that any man in the same length of time made more sincere friends in a land he never saw than did Dr. Peck in India. India will never forget his faithfulness and sympathy and kindness in pushing forward the great work of God in progress here. No one can doubt that our success in gathering in these thousands of souls depended much on Dr. Peck's faithfulness to his promise to "stand by us," "if we would push the battle to the enemies' gates, and bring over thousands for the Lord." He never for a moment hesitated in keeping that promise, and we have gained more from the enemy than we then even dared to hope. He has gone. God will raise up some one else to fill his chair and do the work, but to us, with our weak faith, it *seems* as though no one could do the work Dr. Peck has so unexpectedly laid down. India, however, while still loving those who have been so faithful to her interests in the past—Dr. Reid and Dr. Peck—will be faithful and loyal, and will receive *gladly* the man who may be called to have charge of India in the future.

We all sympathize very deeply with Mrs. Peck in her deep affliction, and with the other members of his family.

Yours very sincerely,

E. W. PARKER,

Treasurer North India Conference.

NOTE.—Numerous telegrams and letters of condolence and sympathy were received by Mrs. Peck and the officers of the Missionary Society from eminent ministers and laymen in different parts of the United States and in foreign lands. Among them was a telegram from the Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a letter from the Rev. H. N. Cobb, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church.

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